POETIC ESSAYS,

ON

NATURE, MEN, and MORALS.

ESSAY I.

To Dr *ASKEW*, of NEWCASTLE.

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MDCCL.

TO THE READER.

THE *Title Page* of this *Piece* will ſhew, that it is intended only as a Part of a larger Work; and it may not be improper to acquaint the Reader further, with the Steps that have led the Author to make it publick. It has been cuſtomary with him to put into Writing, ſuch Remarks and Obſervations, as have, on various Occaſions, occurred to him, and ſeemed worthy of Remembrance; whether relative to the *viſible World*, or the Operations of the *human Mind*. Within the firſt, he includes whatever belongs to natural Phœnomena and phyſical Inveſtigation; within the laſt, whatever appertains to the Conduct of human Life, and the Diſpoſitions, Manners, Opinions, and Morals of Men, ſo far as they have fallen within the Verge of the Author's Sphere, and his Opportunities and Capacity to judge of. This Method, as ſingular as it may appear to ſome, the Author believes, has been of Uſe, as well as an agreeable Entertainment, to himſelf. And after reviewing a Collection of theſe Outſketches and Memorandums of Things, he has thought that if they could be reduced to any certain Deſign and Model, they might deſerve a publick Peruſal, as well as ſome other Productions of the preſent Times. He has therefore lately amuſed himſelf in laying the Fragments together, and diſpoſing them into as natural

tural a Train, as their incoherent State would admit of: and has alſo endeavoured to ſupply the broken Diviſions, with ſuch Links and Mediums, as may indifferently well fill up the Intervals, ſo as to appear one connected Whole, not quite heterogeneous and inconſiſtent in its Parts. Tho' indeed it muſt ſtill be own'd a Compoſition of the looſer and leſs regular kind; and therefore he has not preſumed to think the Work deſerves any explicit Denomination: But having thrown it into Meaſure and Rhime, in order to enliven the Deſcriptions and Sentiments, and give them a more eaſy and agreeable Turn, he preſents his *Piece* under the indefinite Title of POETIC ESSAYS.

THE firſt of theſe Eſſays is herewith exhibited, by way of Specimen, and to ſound the Publick for an Opinion of the Work; the Author being determined to regulate his Proceedings by that very important *Criterion*. For as he is not compelled to throw this Burthen upon his Country, thro' an abſolute Neceſſity, nor indeed by any extraordinary Motives, either of Self-conceit, or importunate Solicitation of Friends, he thinks he would be unpardonable, if he ſhould continue to diſturb his Neighbours, after an unſucceſsful Trial of his Abilities to entertain them. But as he apprehends that an Amuſement, from which he has reaped both *Uſe* and *Pleaſure* to his own Mind, may poſſibly contribute of the ſame Fruits to others; he hopes he may be allowed to indulge himſelf in a Deſign, much more ſocial than ambitious, of offering it to publick Participation. And, if he happens to miſcarry, it will, however, be ſome Mitigation of his Fault, that he makes the Experiment with Modeſty and a ſparing Hand; and, by not perſiſting in an Offence, he will at leaſt be ſeen tacitely to own his Miſtake; which may, in ſome Meaſure, attone for the Folly of the Attempt. In the mean time, it is thought proper to open before the Readers, as briefly as poſſible, the Scope of the whole Performance; which is as follows:

THE

THE DESIGN.

THE genuine Light of uncorrupted and unperverted NATURE, is the great Principle which the Author would raise to View and support; the Existence and sovereign Authority of a DIVINE POWER, he would assert and prove; the Conduct of an universal PROVIDENCE, he would vindicate; an ENTIRE SYSTEM, of most excellent Contrivance and Beauty, fill'd with all possible Good, he would demonstrate. Hence he would endeavour to evince the Immutability of Right and Wrong; on this Foundation, he would shew, that the Structure of true VIRTUE and MORALITY rests; by this Standard he would try all kind of MERIT, to find out and distinguish the real from the counterfeit, in Art and Science, Theory and Practice, Knowledge and Opinion, Law and Custom, Judgment and Taste: And so expose the Errors, Follies, and Vices of Mankind, as to shew them to be an Offspring entirely spurious and factitious; and such utter Aliens and Foreigners to TRUTH and NATURE, as to render their naked CLAIM most absurd and ridiculous.

AR-

ARGUMENT of ESSAY I.

Of the human State, and the Folly and Extravagance of Man in repining at his Condition, and wiſhing to ſurmount the Bounds, or alter the Laws of NATURE: And of the mental Advantages, and moral Uſe, flowing from a right View, and impartial Study of natural Order, and the Beauty and Harmony exhibited in THE WORLD.

ADDRESS to the Author's Friend, (to *l.* 17). Introduction, (to 29). Uncertainty and Vanity of human Projects, (to 43). Fortitude and Reſignation, our beſt Reſource under ſuch Diſappointments as we could neither foreſee nor prevent, (to 59). Human Life, a Mixture of apparent good and evil Fortune: And in proportion as the Proſpect of the one, or the other, engages the Mind's Attention, it is affected with more gloomy, or more gay Apprehenſions; which unavoidably tincture our Diſpoſitions and external Behaviour, (to 71). No abſolute Cure for this internal Fluctuation, (to 75). The Courſe of Nature, a continual Series of Changes, (to 85). Conſtancy not more apparent in the Tempers of Men, (to 89). Exemplified by Characters (to 115). Many Viciſſitudes of Diſpoſition enumerated, (to 130). Hope chears thro' all, (to 137). The great Art and Virtue of ſteering in the Track of Moderation, and the Evil of Extreams, (to 155). An uneven and reſtleſs Temper characteriz'd, (to 165). Exclamation of a Perſon diſſatisfied with the Gifts of Nature, and the Condition of Man, (to 175). Replied to; 1*ſt*, By putting ſome Queries, relating to Happineſs in general: 2*dly*, By the evident Neceſſity of a gradual Scale in the Adminiſtration of it: 3*dly*, By conſidering the limited State of Man, and the Narrowneſs of his Knowledge, (to 200). Man's ſtrongeſt conſtant [illegible] conforming his Deſires to his circumſtances, and taſting, with Chearfulneſs and Satisfaction, the Bleſſings in his Poſſeſſion, (to 220). Nevertheleſs, a gentle Agitation of the Paſſions, enhances the Pleaſure of all Enjoyments, (to 229). The diſſatisfied Perſon preſented with an Idea of a *General Providence*, and the Majeſty of a *ſupreme Being*, that orders and governs the World, (to 247). The Belief of a GOD and his Attributes, a proper Baſis of Morality, (to 251). Man alone the Author of moral Evil, in departing from NATURE; and juſtly puniſhed, on that Account, with tormenting Anxiety and Diſappointment, (to 265). *Reaſon* the Diſcoverer of *Truth*, and given to Man for a Guide in the Path of Nature, (to 268). This Guide being renounced, the Paſſions and Appetites run into Diſorder; and, in their blind Hurry and Tumult, void of Rule and Principle, occaſion Havock and Confuſion, (to 279). The Regularity of Natural Phænomena referred to, as owing to an inviolable Obſervance of fix'd and ſimple Laws, (to 285). Particularly inſtanced in the *Solar Syſtem*, (to 291). Thence inferred, an *Unity* of *Power* and *Principle*, pervading the whole UNIVERSE, (to 299). The School of Nature recommended, and a right Contemplation of her Works propoſed, as an obvious Method and powerful Incitement, to recover the Mind from Prejudice and Miſtake, and to reſtore it to a happy Turn and Temper; by preſenting it with a perfect Pattern of Concord, Regularity, and Beauty, (to 321). The Neglect of applying natural Diſcoveries to a moral Uſe, aſſerted to be occaſioned by the Purſuit of Knowledge ariſing out of Pride, (to 327). The Vanity of human Science attributed to this Neglect, (to 337). The due Application of natural Acquiſitions in Knowledge to moral Improvements, ſhewed to iſſue finally in a well regulated and ſerene Diſpoſition, correct Judgment, and refined Taſte, (to 363). This the ultimate End of our Being, and to which every Organ of Senſe is, or ought to be, ſubſervient, (to 375). To accompliſh which, Nature is moſt amply diſplay'd, and abounds with delightful Objects, to captivate and gratify all the *Senſes*, in the fulleſt and pureſt Manner, (to 393). The Eſſay concludes with an Eulogy on NATURE, and ſome Account of the Author's Situation, Temper, and Opinions.

E S-

ESSAY I.

To Dr *ASKEW*.

WHILE you with lenient hand, around impart,
The healing virtues of *Apollo*'s art;
At ev'ry call, in ev'ry ſeaſon fly,
Where'er death threatens with his gaſtly eye;
The fiend to baniſh, the diſeas'd reſtore,
Relume thoſe eyes that languiſhing implore,
Renew the circles of the vital ſtream,
And pour freſh vigour thro' the human frame:
Amid thoſe cares that preſs on ev'ry ſide,
Their ardent ſuit and muſt not be deny'd;
How ſhall the *Muſe* her private audience gain,
Uncenſur'd, as impertinent and vain?

Some hour of leiſure, if 'tis in your power,
One ſuch to ſteal, indulge me with that hour:
I come, not over bold, nor us'd to fear;
Judge freely, but before you judge me, hear!

IT lately happen'd, (I forget the day)
That *Phœbus* ſtruck me with his piercing ray;
Nor buſineſs crowding to diſtract my brain,
Nor cares moleſting, nor diſturb'd with pain;
All diſengag'd; ſo fate decreed the time!
Inſtant I felt the dang'rous itch of rhyme.
Before me, NATURE'S SCENES aroſe to light,
And MEN and MORALS open'd on my ſight.
Prompt at the view, and rais'd with the conceit,
Already fancied I my verſe compleat;
A verſe to laſt, for ever to be read,
While *Tyne* ſhall flow, or *Cheviot* lift its head:

Such

Such empty viſions form a poet's dream,
Such cloud-built proſpects of immortal Fame;
Scarce figur'd, but begin to diſappear,
Elude his graſp and vaniſh into Air.

Nor yet alone this ſudden fate belongs
To thoſe enamour'd of the Muſes' ſongs.
As wretched fortune and as ſhort a day,
Snatch far more proud and pompous names away;
As quickly riſe, as quickly mounted high,
Surprize like meteors, and like meteors die.
While humbler projects juſt appear to ſwell,
One moment forms and breaks the filmy ſhell.
Thence hear the diſappointed, ſtill exclaim,
This world is but a bubble, but a dream!
And may, when bubbles burſt and dreams are o'er,
The wak'd be landed on ſome happier ſhore!

Where

Where fix'd, eternal 'bide the ſeals of fame,
Nor ever blot obliterates a name.
But while we walk this maze of human life,
Surrounded with its various braids of ſtrife;
Since, members of the ever rolling ball,
With good, we muſt partake the bad and all;
The ills and miſchiefs that can life betide,
Or ſprung from folly, or produc'd by pride;
It but remains we act the part of man,
And keep our pace as ſteady as we can.
In vain fond hope would more than this ſupply,
One bliſs continued, one unbroken joy;
Tho' ſuch bleſt views may tend a higher ſphere,
The ſeat of Angels is not deſtin'd here.

Thro' all conditions of the mortal ſtate,
A compound operates, a mixed fate;

Thro'

Thro' endleſs turns and changes varied ſtill;
And checker'd with apparent good and ill:
And as we ſcan the worſe and better part,
Or this elates or that appals the heart.
Now paſſion blackens in the troubl'd breaſt,
All nature's ſick and human life's unbleſt;
Now flow freſh ſpirits and diſpel the gloom,
Gay pleaſure dances and the world's in bloom:
~~The morning lowr'd, and ſunk and ſad the ſoul;~~
But mirth and madneſs drain the evening bowl.
And ſay, if any art in human pow'r,
Howe'er apply'd, this levity can cure?
No draught, or bolus, potion, drop, or pill!
Nor *Mead*'s preſcription, nor can *Askew*'s skill.

A SWIFT mutation thro' the world we find,
Obtains in matter and obtains in mind.

Here would we fix it, or by force restrain?
It breaks out there and shews th' attempt is vain.
Still Nature recent, her rotation plies;
Confirms thro' change, by contrast beautifies.
Ends to begin, begins to gain the end;
Falls but to rise, but rises to descend;
Makes wide extreams a near alliance feel,
And all revolve in one incessant wheel.
If passions bear us on a swelling tide,
The surge of passion quickly will subside;
And boast exalted reason as we may,
Moments there are when reason will give way.
Thus all the seasons in succession run,
And days and nights obedient to the sun;
So shifts the wind and round th' horizon blows,
And so the restless ocean ebbs and flows.

Prisco salutes you as a friend to-day,
His candour flowing, and his temper gay;

To-

To-morrow ſhould you meet him in the ſtreets,
He meets you there, but knows not that he meets;
Stalks on reſerv'd, and wrapt in ſullen pride,
Is far too ſtiff to turn his head aſide;
And ſcarce you find two creatures differ more,
Than PRISCO from himſelf the day before.

SEE ſordid VARUS! ſo compleat a knave,
His very friends will own the devil muſt have;
Yet has his Interval, his ſocial hour,
Can treat, careſs, nay ſometimes will do more;
Get drunk, grow laviſh, throw about his pelf;
But when turn'd ſober, hates and damns himſelf.

EVEN I, who now attempt the *Muſe*'s ſtrain,
Warm with her fire, and feel the flowing vein;
Who view the crowding images incline,
To join my verſe and meet the ready line;
Wait but a moment, and the viſion fades,
The proſpect darkens and diſſolves in ſhades;

A chilneſs ſeizes on my clouded brain,
And clogg'd, I labour for a verſe in vain.

Thus made the ſport of fortune or of chance;
Backward to ſlide, or forward to advance;
To taſte and loſe the taſte of good and ill,
To action puſh'd, or burthen'd to ſtand ſtill;
We ſtruggle thro' all changes, laugh and fret,
Rejoice and mourn, are merry, in a pet;
Wax proud and humble, open and diſguiſe;
Or herd with fools, or mingle with the wiſe;
Now all for buſineſs, all for pleaſure now,
Without a ſingle queſtion, why? or how?
Time hurries on, we ſtop not to enquire,
But ſnatch in haſte, as prompts each new deſire.
Still on the brink of all we love and hate,
From this to that for ever vacillate:

Or

Or to the guſts of paſſion fall a prey,
Or flit on vanity's light wings away.
Yet ſtill hope's flatt'ring mirrour chears the ſoul,
And urges forward to the promis'd goal.
Or if man grovels, or he ſoars on high,
Still happineſs is figur'd in his eye;
New phantoms riſe inceſſant to his view,
Still found illuſive, ever fancied true.
And wiſdom's ſon is he, who knows the art.
So true to poiſe, and ſmoothly calm his heart;
That when full expectation meets a blank,
Tho' felt the ſhock, yet he preſerves his rank;
Or ſhaken gently, yet is ſhook with grace,
And yielding ſoftly, ſurer keeps his place.
A conduct, form'd to honour Nature's plan!
True moderation is the praiſe of man.
Appointed in a middle ſtate to ſhine,
Betwixt the brutal nature and divine;

Of each partaking, while a mortal here,
In vain from either ſtruggles to get clear;
But duly temp'ring both, erects that frame,
That beauteous ſtructure which we VIRTUE name.
Who to extreams is driven, by chance or will,
Muſt find the ſure event unhappy ſtill.
The cell, where reſt immur'd all human joys,
Wild paſſion burſts and apathy deſtroys.
OBSERVE in VARIO's moſt unbalanc'd mind,
An abſtract of the tempers of mankind;
What in exceſs belongs to him, we ſee
Belongs to all, in great or leſs degree;
In midſt of plenty, want beſets his door,
And full of riches, he's extreamly poor:
Enjoying pleaſure, is with pleaſure cloy'd;
In hope's fruition, quite diſſatisfy'd;

Poſ-

Poſſeſt of bleſſings, ſtill remains unbleſt,
And reſtleſs moſt, when leiſure bids him reſt.
Hypo exclaims, unhappy ſtate of things!
That ſure content from no condition ſprings;
But ſpight of all that prieſts or ſages preach,
Man hunts for ever what is out of reach;
Or if he touch, the very touch deſtroys,
And loſt th' enjoyment, juſt as he enjoys!
Thus baulk'd and buſy, blunders thro' his years,
Till death, to drop the empty ſcene, appears.
Is this the gift of heav'n, ye learned, ſhow?
A droll, a jeſt, a mock'ry and a woe!
Presumptuous critic! moderate thy haſte;
Thy temper heats, thy cenſure runs too faſt.
Wilt thou at all, as vain and wrong, repine,
That ſuits not every wanton wiſh of thine?

Is

Is there no goodneſs ſhort of very beſt;
Nor bleſt below the moſt ſupreme of bleſt?
Beſtow'd is nothing, where not all is given;
Nor height beneath the ſummit of high heaven?
No dwelling happy, nor rejoic'd abode;
That mounts not on the very throne of GOD?
This ſhocks all common ſenſe! — then ſee aſ-
ſign'd,
Bliſs in degree to each degree of mind;
And as the mental ſcale aſcends in height,
Still broader runs and ſpreads to infinite.
To man, a proper happineſs for man;
Whoſe ſcanty being meaſures but a ſpan.
Receive it, mortal! with a grateful mind;
Or if it lingers, learn to wait reſign'd.
The laws that bind all beings to agree,
Are dimly ſeen, if ſeen at all by thee:

So

So much ſee clearly of thy narrow ſtate,
'Tis wrong to murmur, and 'tis right to wait.
Perhaps what you an evil underſtood,
Is but the line that limits human good:
Which, who once paſſes or deſires to paſs,
Is guided by leſs reaſon than an aſs.
The higheſt pitch in morals we can reach,
Is not to aim in nature's bounds a breach;
But ſo conduct our action and our will,
As ſuits our ſtate, which is the middle ſtill:
And who but leans to that extream or this,
Inclines to folly, and departs from bliſs.

In vain inſatiate appetite would roam;
The ſtint which nature ſets, is plac'd at home;
Includes both high and low, and great and ſmall;
A common parent's common care of all.

Just what we uſe is ours, and ours the more
The leſs we're anxious to enlarge the ſtore.

On ſordid gain, who ſets his vehement heart,
Finds more and more, but leſs and leſs impart.
If thouſands heap on thouſands, ſtill the ſight,
But keener whets his reſtleſs appetite:
But he who little views with chearful eyes,
Will find that little may enough ſuffice;
If wants external, break not inward peace,
He quaffs his cup of joy and lives at eaſe.
Not, but our boſoms ask for temp'rate gales,
And that the paſſions gently ſwell their ſails;
Yet ſo, that reaſon in their top career,
May ſtill command, and free from danger ſteer:
Thus, tho' black ſtorms and breaking waves affright,
We bound o'er gentle ſurges with delight.
Kind motion is the ſource of life and joy,
And reſt alone gives death its victory.

Impartial Providence, an equal cauſe,
Unbiaſs'd rules the world by gen'ral laws;
Firm to one end, preſides from pole to pole;
Not prone to parts, but careful of the whole.
The whole, a ſyſtem fram'd by perfect art,
Where ev'ry individual has its part;
Link'd and allied, ſo fit and juſtly plac'd,
That good in one, diffuſes thro' the reſt.
Then ſpare the Power, that fix'd the central ſun,
And taught the planets in what orbs to run:
Who gave them ſpeed and force, without decay,
While ages wear, and time diſſolves away:
Who turns the ſeaſons on the rolling ſphere,
Devolving all the changes of the year.
Who works forever thro' the heav'ns and earth,
And brings all nature pregnant to its birth;
The birth produc'd, both orders and ſuſtains,
And guides, omnipotent! th' eternal reins.

HERE fix our baſis, own the Power divine;
And one immenſe, wiſe, perfect, good deſign;
Where all ſubſiſts that can, of happineſs,
And if there evil be, can be no leſs.
In man, and only man, that evil find;
Who boaſts of morals and a reas'ning mind:
The reſt of all that live, enjoy their ſtate,
In its full bliſs, nor murmur at their fate:
The ſhorteſt liv'd, rejoice their fleeting day,
The longeſt, patient paſs their ſlow decay.
What! then alone ſhall he complaints let fall,
Who vaunts himſelf the mighty lord of all?
Grow ſick with ſpleen upon his fancied throne,
Yet ſtill high creſted, call the world his own?
Strange contradiction! piec'd of wild extreams,
The ſlave's worſt fears, ambition's maddeſt dreams.
But ſuch the wretch's curſe, and right beſtow'd,
On him, who headſtrong, breaks from nature's road:

That

That road where truth's fair day-beam ever glows,
And where no night her ſable curtain draws;
But clear-ey'd reaſon lifts the guiding ray,
And ſhews for ever GOD's eternal day.
But hapleſs mortals, drawn by luſt or pride,
When once renouncing reaſon for their guide;
Wild-wand'ring, ſoon in devious paths are croſt,
And in a wilderneſs of errors loſt.
Blind paſſion hurries, with the tide they ſwim,
No rule directs, 'tis fancy all and whim:
Now this, now that way, downward, upward thrown,
Laugh on bright clouds, or whelm'd in darkneſs groan.
And err'd from truth, and wide of nature's plan,
Sink far below, by aiming high'r than man.

OBSERVE the meaſur'd world, and mark its laws!
How ſteady theſe, how uniform the cauſe?
To complex ends, what ſimple means conduce,
Deriv'd from frugal ſprings, what ſtreams profuſe?
Thro' all th' effects, worlds infinite contain,
No labour uſeleſs, nothing done in vain!
SEE, tho' apart each planet asks a ſun,
To form and rule a ſyſtem, needs but one;
That one, if alter'd, or that one deſtroy'd,
Each planet wanders, of all order void;
But fix'd and ſtation'd at its proper goal,
Gives light and life and vigour to the whole:
Whence perfect harmony and beauty ſprings,
The full firm balance and conſent of things.
And what in this one ſyſtem you explore,
Conclude, adjuſts and orders millions more;
One pow'r, one principle, unmix'd, unchang'd,
That form'd each orb, proportion'd and arrang'd,

Reach-

Reaching, pervading ev'ry distant ball,
Eternal, chains the aggregate of all!
HERE, man! derive thy lessons, here's thy school,
Where thou alone can'st cease to be a fool.
In nature's book the weakest brain may speed,
Th' untaught may learn it, and th' unletter'd read;
Nor need of pedant, or a pedant's rod,
The book of nature is the work of GOD.
A fair original, not far to seek,
Nor writ in *hebrew* characters nor *greek*;
But in a speech that never fails to strike,
In ev'ry nation plain and full alike;
Which no tradition cloaks in mystery,
Nor priests corrupt, nor bigots can bely,
Nor flames devour, nor dark oblivion hide,
Nor time abridge; but still displays more wide.
Learn NATURE then! within thy proper sphere,
Compos'd, give gracious *Providence* thine ear.

Eye

Eye God's creation, ſee what order ſhines,
What power preſerves, what wiſdom all deſigns:
What bliſs and beauty thro' the whole ariſe,
In teeming earth and o'er the ſpacious skies!
Far drive thy impious doubts, nor murmur more;
Enjoy thy ſtate with thanks, and God adore.

Alas! theſe precepts that my verſe imparts,
Employ men's heads, but ſeldom reach their hearts.
Of God and Nature, tho' we reaſon high,
Neglect the better ſcience to apply.
Our love of knowledge riſes out of pride,
While all its uſe to life is thrown aſide.
And idly we the works of nature ſcan,
If nothing moral thence accrues to man;
If nought from outward harmony we find,
That vibrates inward and attunes the mind

To me, in vain ten thouſand ſyſtems roll,
If no fixt purpoſe regulates my ſoul;
If none of that grand order which I ſee,
Nor due proportion reaches down to me.
Wretch! whoſe cold heart benumb'd to every charm,
All Nature's ardour has not power to warm!
What nobler views his riſing ſoul inſpire,
And touch his boſom with celeſtial fire!
Who reaſoning from th' effect, explores the cauſe,
And reads the legiſlator in his laws;
Sees near ally'd and cloſe embracing join'd,
The pow'rs of body and the pow'rs of mind;
Where all receive and all aſſiſtance lend,
Impell'd conjointly to their deſtin'd end;
With unremitting ardour to fulfil,
One ſteady purpoſe, one almighty will.
Smit with this union of the gen'ral frame,
His ſoul is rouz'd and feels the living flame;

To copy nature's harmony aſpires,
And burns t'embrace the beauty it admires;
Thence, pleas'd tranſplants, to deck his humble ſphere,
The juſt, the decent, elegant and fair;
And grows in judgment juſt, in fancy chaſte,
In reaſon clear, and delicate in taſte:
Or feeling kind affections ſeize his mind,
His heart dilating opens to mankind;
And ſhares the higheſt bliſs his ſtate can prove,
From that divineſt paſſion, ſocial love.
When pure good humour dances in the eye,
What joy ſo great as that of giving joy?
And where no envy nor reſentments reign,
What pain can equal that of cauſing pain?
Thus from the ſame great ſource connected ſprings,
The *good* in morals and in nat'ral things.

On

On NATURE, this prime fountain GOD beſtows,
Thence, ſeen and felt by man, to mankind flows:
That honour, he by merit may obtain;
The praiſe and glory that he thirſts to gain.
For this, his *face divine* is rais'd on high,
Unſtopp'd his ear, and op'd his lucid eye;
His nerves made tremble to their inmoſt cell,
At ev'ry pulſe of ~~feeling, taſte~~ and ſmell;
Thence to the ſoul the quick ſenſations led,
Now ſhake the heart, and now illume the head.

SEE, all around, the myriads that conſpire!
To touch, to raiſe, to waken and to fire.
The breath of heav'n, the morning's chearful dawn;
The peaceful flocks along the verdant lawn;
High-waving woods and gently riſing hills,
Swift-gliding rivers, ſilver-purling rills;

Soft fanning breezes, lover-haunted ſhades,
Broad ſhining lakes, and headlong rough caſcades;
Soul-ſoothing grottos, *Ceres*-laughing vales,
Wild-warbling birds and ſong-reſounding dales;
Flowers breathing odours, fruit that autumn brings,
Full-bubbling fountains and free-guſhing ſprings;
Th' extended plains that wide in proſpect lie,
The ſwelling ocean and the vaulted ſky.
Theſe, and ten thouſand more, heav'ns vaſt expence,
Nature's whole ſtock that pours on ev'ry ſenſe!
Shall they not high our contemplation raiſe,
And fill our hearts with gratitude and praiſe?

Ev'n here, in this cold region of the north,
Theſe animate the *Muſe*, and call her forth;
To ſoar intrepid on advent'rous wing,
To ſing of Nature, and to point the ſpring;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſtreams diffus'd, the whole ſupplies impart,
Of ev'ry ſcience and of ev'ry art:
Whate'er ennobles or can man befriend,
His manners poliſh or his morals mend;
All bliſs of ev'ry kind and each degree,
Still flows, great ſubſtitute of GOD! from thee.
In vain, would erring wits of human race,
Set up fantaſtic idols in thy place;
Or wrapt in clouds. or cover'd under night,
The phantoms fly, when dawns thy hallow'd light;
They fly, and ev'n their votaries forſake;
Empty and wild as dreams to men awake.
Nor ought can e'er this verſe's date prolong,
If NATURE keeps conceal'd and ſhuns my ſong;
But would ſhe deign to bleſs me with her ſmile,
And lend her ſtores to deck the pleaſing toil!

Glad, ſhould the muſe awake the dorick reeds,
Paint as ſhe paints, and follow where ſhe leads;
With all her fav'rite train to join her lay,
And ſound her acclamations on the way.
Or face her foes, who ſtrive to ſtain her ſtream,
With foul pollution, or to cloud her beam:
That thoſe who raſhly err, might be reclaim'd,
And knaves convict, ſtand open and aſham'd.

And tho' too weak may flow my lowly line,
Unequal to the height of this deſign;
Yet ſhall my honeſt purpoſe yield delight,
Conſcious of wiſhing well and aiming right;
Far, far remov'd from courtiers and from cits,
Nor aw'd by criticks, nor afraid of wits;
My vale of peace, their buzz can ne'er annoy,
Nor pierce the ſanctuary of my joy:
Not raſh in purpoſe, but yet ſteel'd to bear,
Unruffled, pride's contempt and folly's ſneer.

Thro'

Thro' life's tumultuous ſcenes howe'er I drive,
No dupe or ſlave of any one alive:
Tho' humbly ſtation'd, of no baſe degree,
Above me many, ſome below, I ſee;
Nor buoy'd with hopes of mighty things to come,
Nor ſunk in dread of any future doom;
But walk this world, and upwards look to heaven,
With expectations tolerably even.
Nor quite with ſo much orthodoxy cramm'd,
To think all elſe but true believers damn'd;
Nor yet an infidel ſo indiſcreet,
To give up all religion as a cheat;
But this I hold, and will unto my grave,
A God exiſts, and I've a ſoul to ſave;
That God will favour and approve the man
Who moſt obſerves and beſt purſues his plan:

His

His plan, that ev'ry creature, ev'ry soul,
Should spread the good which he designs the whole;
To this, that action, passion, reason, tend;
VIRTUE the means, HAPPINESS the end.